



The Philosophy of  
Love - The Wedding  
Rings of Glances  
PHILOSOPHICAL  
POEMS

SORIN CERIN

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THE WEDDING RINGS OF GLANCES**  
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- THE WEDDING  
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**Philosophical poems**  
**2017**

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**Critical appreciations about the  
poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Al Cistelean** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

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Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely

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is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

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And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

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What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

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Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

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Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and

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more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

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But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of

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ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

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Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin, update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man

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the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

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**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban :** "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan :** "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through

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adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the

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Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu** : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad** : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

**Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**  
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title

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of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

**PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

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**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:**"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

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**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély:** "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu:** "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

**Marian Odangiu:** "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more

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disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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ever**

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**1. The wedding rings of Glances**

I was pricked, by the thorns of Thoughts,  
trying to break the rose of Longing,  
on which I will give it to the Past,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
from which we fed us,  
the Destiny,  
angry on the Heaven of Passion,  
under the vault of which, we held us by hand,  
the Wedding rings of Glances  
lost now,  
among the Tears of the Memories,  
where they scream desperately for help,  
ready to drown,  
without having the strength,  
to I save them,  
from the dense fog of Questions,  
who constantly humiliate Him,  
on God.

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**2. From the Immortality of the Star**

Only you can sing,  
at the Harp of Heart,  
from the Cathedral of my Soul,  
where our Destiny came to,  
to worship,  
at the embrace the Heaven of Hopes,  
with the Earth of Birth,  
of the buds of Feelings,  
on which I have gathered them,  
for you,  
in bouquets of Truth,  
not before of to sail,  
on the Ocean of the hot Blood,  
of the Retrieval  
from the Immortality of the Star,  
who brought us the Divine Light,  
of the Love.

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**3. At the Icons of Words**

How many Wrinkles,  
to have beaten the Heart of Destiny,  
when it looked at its exact time,  
of the Meeting with ourselves,  
on the forehead of a God,  
on which we have built him together,  
becoming only ours,  
to whom I built,  
whole Cathedrals of Love,  
at the Icons of Words to which,  
we kneeled,  
praying us,  
as the Time,  
it not to shatter us,  
the Eternity,  
from the Kiss full of Passions,  
of the Tears,  
of a Love.

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**4. Ignorance**

I had slipped,  
in so much,  
in Ignorance,  
that the Thoughts,  
have become for us,  
moldy in the way of a God,  
on which,  
they did no longer recognize Him,  
nor the Meetings,  
with the help of which,  
we did makeup,  
at the Eyes of Heaven of the Forgetfulness,  
drowned in the Flesh of Illusions of the Happiness,  
being already in rot,  
and which,  
they had started to smell,  
terrible,  
through the desquamated pores of the Moments,  
from which we have created,  
the Destiny.

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**5. The Moss of Death**

How many drops,  
would have succeeded,  
to they tread us,  
the Moment of Eternity,  
in the legs of footsteps,  
of the Water of Life,  
through which to we swim,  
defeating,  
the Cliffs of the Destinies,  
full of the Moss of Death,  
of on the forehead of Existence,  
lacked of the Lifebuoy,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
from the God,  
who gave us the Breath,  
of the Illusions of Happiness?

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**6. In the Glances of the Blind Destinies**

The bars by the Illusions of Happiness,  
of Life and Death,  
they guard,  
the Feelings,  
humiliated by the Heaven full of clouds,  
of the Words,  
which wash us the Water of Thoughts,  
with the rains of the Sacred Fire,  
of the Love,  
what burns us,  
the stems of the Dreams,  
which have watered us the dust of our Bodies,  
they feeding us,  
the Kisses of the Eternities from us,  
what have budded,  
in the Glances of the Blind Destinies,  
of a World,  
on which, we have not understood her,  
never.

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**7. The cutting edges, cold and bloody**

I was so much you,  
that neither the Dawns,  
they could no longer close us the massive gates,  
of the Eyelids of some Horizons,  
in which we have lost us the Natures,  
whose lead,  
hangs so hard,  
over the Hearts of Destinies,  
which barely managed to keep us,  
the passionate Path of Love,  
together,  
by the cutting edges, cold and bloody,  
which have mangled the undecided soles of the Moments,  
on which we crossed them,  
through the uncertainty,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
which get us closer of the Separation,  
with every Kiss,  
of the Days,  
which, they wore us shyly,  
through the increasingly obsolete pockets,

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of the Years,  
sad and disinterested,  
by Future.

**8. Really Immortals**

Zodiac Signs rouged by Indifference,  
have hurt the Hopes costumed with Promises,  
at the Masked Balls of the Happenings,  
which no longer become true,  
Never,  
from behind the frozen Smiles of the Winters,  
on which our heated Blood has skated,  
by the longing, of ourselves,  
which, we do no longer even know,  
of how long time did I leave,  
from the Sincerity of the Glances,  
of which I have fled,  
believing that I am,  
the Anchors of Tears of Heaven,  
which catch us Happiness,  
in the straps of Suffering,  
without knowing,

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that the river of the Time of its own Destinies,  
has passed by the bridges of Eternity,  
and that it will lead us,  
toward the waterfall of the Inferno,  
through which we were no longer us,  
the ones before,  
of, the Illusions of Happiness, Life, and Death,  
really,  
Immortals.

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**9. Without to we know where we will ever reach**

Squeezed wings,  
by the Tears of Dreams,  
which have leaked helplessly,  
in the Wrinkles of the End of World,  
on which we sailed,  
without to we know,  
where we will ever reach,  
hoping,  
however,  
that the open sails of the Words,  
which were decomposing in each day what passes,  
in our Souls,  
stained by the shadows of the Past,  
they will lead us,  
till Beyond,  
by the Smiles of Cemeteries of Hopes,  
in whose cataracts,  
have ended so many,  
the Loves.

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**10. Of, our Loneliness**

Avalanches of Questions,  
they collapsed helpless,  
over the Eternity of Moment,  
which it collapsed,  
taken to the valley by Destiny,  
for to be crumbled,  
by the Cliffs, angular and sharp,  
of the Smoke of a Memory,  
which rises painfully of inert,  
toward the Dawn of a Future,  
on which we would never have wanted them to be present,  
at the Coffee of Morning,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
which has drank us,  
once and for all,  
the Loneliness,  
becoming satiated, finally,  
with the Separation,  
our,  
of, which it drowned,  
becoming petrified,

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forever,  
at the table full of Regrets,  
of the Time.

**11. Over the Tents of Promises**

Traces decomposed by Commas,  
which have no longer found their place,  
among the Cemeteries of Hopes,  
which have snowed heavy and oppressive,  
over the Tents of Promises,  
broken and emaciated,  
from the Eyes of Heaven,  
which could no longer close their,  
the eyelids of Feelings,  
hidden in the Inferno full of Shadows,  
of some Loves,  
wandered and tangled,  
through the clusters of the Illusions of Happiness,  
of Life and Death,  
whose threads,  
have become our Destinies,  
which they will hang us, at endlessly,  
the Eternities of Moments lost in the Nothingness,  
of Despair,  
from the Blood of the Sunsets of this World,  
which flows slowly but surely,

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toward the Ocean of Vanity,  
from which it was born.

**12. To we rebuild us, the Past**

Cold and inert,  
Sunrise, of Glances  
I lose me,  
in the Blood lit by the Sacred Fire,  
of the Feeling,  
navigating on the Waves of our Days,  
which hit with pain,  
in the handcuffed gates, of the Destiny,  
locked in the Inferno of Illusions of Happiness,  
whose Loves,  
cover the Cemeteries of Dreams,  
full of large and threatening Spiders,  
of the Vanity,  
from the Heart, of Mud,  
of which,  
we modeled us,  
the Pitcher,  
of our own Eternity of the Love,  
which, we have believed,  
that will not break, never  
from whose shards

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we try again now,  
to we rebuild us,  
the Past.

**13. The Rags of the Compromises**

I made to me, from the Breasts of Days,  
the Corset of Regrets,  
on which I sold it to the Time,  
for to give it to his daughters,  
the Moments,  
from which any Illusion of the Happiness,  
will give birth  
the Rags of the Compromises,  
which they will become Dreams,  
from which Freedom,  
will make formworks of Truths,  
in which we will pour,  
the Matrix of our Hearts,  
with so much Love,  
that,  
neither a Vanity will no longer resist to the Temptation,  
of to be Together,  
before,  
the Pendants of the Eternity,  
which we will put them at, the Breath of Happiness,

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what we will transform it,  
in lanterns of Desires,  
lit by the Sacred Fire,  
of the Kiss,  
which will burn us at endlessly the Heaven of Memories,  
from which the Gods of Hopes,  
they will make to themselves, forever,  
Armours that can not defeat,  
the Forgetfulness.

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**14. Their Dry Cough**

Who else would know,  
how many Tears of Kisses,  
would have died us on the Field of Fighting of the  
Forgetfulness,  
from which we have created to us,  
the Retrieval Shields,  
behind which we have rusted our Moments,  
what they have cooled so hard,  
that their Dry Cough,  
by ourselves,  
barely still could,  
to breathe us,  
the Destinies,  
in the Hearts of which,  
we hindered us,  
reaching to we beat us, by some alone,  
the Words,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
in which Nobody no longer believes  
much less,  
we?

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**15. The Living Body of the Sacred Fire**

Let to me, the Star given  
by the Illusion of Death from me,  
to the carters who want to lie to us the Future,  
of the Present,,  
in which we swam,  
rebelled by the Wings,  
on which we have lost them,  
in the Depths of the Words,  
from which, besides to drown us,  
the Absolute Truth of Love,  
we did not understand,  
Nothing else,  
than the Separation from ourselves,  
to sculpt us,  
the Living Body of the Sacred Fire,  
from the Past that kneaded us continuously,  
the Eternity,  
where it should had,  
to we find us again,  
once and for all,  
in the dough of Happiness,

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which we wanted to leaven,  
and in us.

**16. Haunted by Us**

Not even a Trace,  
of Smile,  
I have no longer found,  
in your Soul,  
Haunted by Us,  
when we started to braided us,  
the Illusions of Memories  
of, those of Happiness,  
for to make us,  
the Baskets of Love,  
in which to carry our Moments,  
of the Eternity,  
with whose Perfume to wash us,  
the tired and sweaty Days,  
of so much work,  
on the plowings of the Hopes,  
in which we wanted to we plant us,  
the whole Love,  
what we hoped that will emerge us,  
once with the Happiness,  
on the branches of the Absolute Truths,

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without the Original Sins,  
of the Illusions of Death from us.

**17. A Graffiti of the Breath**

I did not believe,  
you to drown my Tears of the Time,  
in the Love of the Body of Memories,  
from the Dust of which,  
to plow us the Field of Regrets,  
on which we will sow him,  
with the lost Glances,  
of the Apocalypse of Moments,  
from us,  
which have started to burn us,  
melting us the Moments of Eternity,  
in which we could,  
somewhere sometime,  
to hide us,  
the Pasts,  
next to the Future,  
in which we would have become,  
a Cathedral of Love,  
to whose Walls,  
they would have prayed,  
all the Angels of Illusions of the Happiness of this World,

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which we would have scrawled it,  
with a Graffiti of the Breath,  
barely reborn,  
from ourselves,  
becoming, the Icon of Souls,  
Our,  
who would never have demanded,  
Days or Years,  
at the Box of the Mercy,  
of a God,  
of the Nobody.

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**18. Shattered Dreams**

Do not tell me that the Bars of Memories,  
can ever be cut,  
beyond the Ports where would have halted,  
the Eternities from us,  
on which neither a Fair,  
of the obsolete things off boulevard,  
of the Hopes,  
could not sell them,  
to some Shattered Dreams,  
from which we to be able to build us,  
the Illusions of Happiness of the Future,  
to the walls of the Words to which,  
we to can cry us,  
the Cemeteries of Kisses,  
in which she would have once thought,  
the Love,  
on which, we have banished her, believing,  
that, is too Lonely,

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and lacked of the Meaning,  
of the Immortality,  
from which we have made us the Vestments of Longing,  
of the Days without Sense,  
what they will come,  
over,  
the Bridges of Wrinkles,  
ruined,  
by ourselves.

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**19. The Sweetness of Day**

Let me the bouquet of Traces,  
in the Vase of the Regrets,  
on which I want to smash it,  
at the Fair of Memories,  
from whose shards, I to rebuild for me,  
the Tissues of Illusions of Happiness,  
in whose Blood to I drown,  
the bitterness of a Future,  
which will be served,  
at the table of the Confused Word,  
without a garnish of Opinions,  
of others,  
in which we would not have found us again,  
cold and without Regrets,  
the Kiss,  
which broke us the Eternity of the Moment,  
enough of broken,  
in the Regrets of Sharp zodiac Signs,  
arrows inserted in the Sweetness of Day,

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situated always on the Death of Hopes,  
where, not even a Cloud of Forgetfulness,  
he no longer wants to fall,  
with his indifferent shadow,  
over the rains full of spines,  
of the Eyes of Heaven,  
through which he sees us,  
the Blind God of Creation,  
the Destiny.

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**20. What kind of Key**

Forgive to me, Lord,  
all the Lightnings, of Original Sins,  
what would have thundered,  
over the Palms of Love,  
to which we have worshiped,  
hit and disoriented,  
the Salvation by ourselves,  
those accused by the Illusions of Happiness,  
as being guilty,  
of too much Devotion,  
from which you have built to you,  
the whole Paradise,  
by the Cathedrals of the Suffering,  
whose Gates of Souls,  
have remained open for us,  
not knowing what kind of Key we should use,  
against,  
the Illusions of Death,  
on which we would have wanted them,

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closed forever,  
knowing that the whole Creation,  
it gave us from these,  
the bricks of the Immortality,  
from the Cemeteries,  
cobwebbed, by Vanity,  
of our Steps.

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**21. The Bread of a Kiss**

Leaves rusted by Thoughts,  
fall heavy on the tired foreheads,  
of the Moments,  
from which we have built us,  
a whole World,  
of the Bread of a Kiss,  
from which we each cut us,  
one slice of Truth,  
on which we to chew it with Destiny,  
until we will come to understand us,  
the meanings of the Illusions of Happiness,  
of Life and Death,  
that flow through the blood of our Words,  
once with the Sacred Fire of Love,  
to which,  
we wash it, the heat,  
of the Questions,  
of, so many Answers,  
which have stained it,  
often,  
with the Sincerity of the Stranger from us.

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**22. Voluntarily**

I scattered,  
voluntarily,  
hoping for Happiness,  
often,  
the Buds of the Days,  
in which they flourished,  
shy and injured,  
the Memories,  
what they have built me a World,  
of Compromises,  
which, they could not bandage themselves,  
on the cut soles,  
by the shards of hourglasses, from the Glances,  
on which the Time has broken them,  
in the desperate game,  
of Death and Life,  
on which the Illusions of Existence impose it for us,  
as being the Absolute Truth,  
of our Vanity,  
existential.

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**23. The Virginitv of Time**

The discolored Gods of the Past,  
they promised me the Tears of the Stars,  
whose deserted Eternities,  
are burned,  
in the Sacred Fire, of End, of World,  
of the Love,  
in which I would have swam,  
without being killed by the heat,  
volcanic,  
of the News,  
received from the Moment,  
in which we have lost us,  
the Virginitv of Time,  
learning for the first time,  
to we die together,  
Separating us,  
by ourselves.

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**24. The name of a God**

Finger nails of flint,  
of the Memories,  
have scratched on the stems of Moments,  
the name of a God,  
who gave us,  
the Hearts of some Hopes,  
on whose wings,  
we to become the first who we will fly,  
so far from ourselves,  
that neither a Time,  
to he no longer be able to catch us,  
in his nets,  
with Eyes of Old Age,  
who are watching us, helplessly,  
from the dark corners,  
of the Absurd,  
which flows us through the veins of Destiny ,  
bleeding,  
always, as Vanity.

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**25. Still from the Times**

Wedding rings of Commas,  
they tighten us,  
the forefingers of the Words,  
at whose, wedding,  
we are invited to become,  
an Eternity,  
which to worship,  
at the Altar of our own Conscience,  
so empty by the Icons of Love,  
that seems to be rather,  
a panel that shows us the score,  
between the teams,  
the Illusions of Happiness and the Illusions of Death,  
what they will play crazy,  
our entire Existence,  
until,  
we will realize,  
that we have become sufficiently prepared,  
for to be no longer ourselves,  
on the alleys full of regrets,  
of the Cemeteries of some Truths,  
which we might have met,

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somewhere sometime,  
still from the Times,  
when these were alive.

**26. Listened to us politely**

Regrets of Velvet,  
closed with the rusty Buttons,  
of the Shirt of Thoughts,  
worn at the Evening party of Forgetfulness,  
where I met you,  
sweet Gaze,  
of the Illusions of Death,  
without being able to separate us,  
the whole Evening,  
of Promises,  
one from the other,  
tattle,  
to the Consciousness  
who it listened to us politely,  
sipping a sip,  
of, alcoholic Moment,  
strong and hot,  
as was the God of Love for us,  
which I asked,

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if he still stays at the party of the Dreams,  
who were just collapsing,  
at the feet of the Days,  
together with the Stranger from us,  
who he seemed unable to understand,  
why precisely God has forsaken us,  
leaving in His place,  
the Loneliness.

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**27. Brims as wide as possible**

Since we started wearing,  
brims as wide as possible, of clouds,  
at the Hats of Feelings,  
to keep us safe,  
by the Rains, of Moments,  
what would have watered us,  
the lost Glances,  
through the lightnings that have pierced us,  
the Dust subjected to the Illusions of Death,  
we began to incarnate,  
in the Statue of the Word, Immortality,  
without we realizing,  
that it was located on one of the alleys,  
of the Cemetery of Destinies,  
which belonged to us too.

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**28. Lava of the Feelings**

Roots emaciated by Dreams,  
knock in the windows of Future,  
by scratching his, opaque and dark glass,  
of Illusions of Death,  
ready anytime,  
to snows a new snow of Words,  
cold and feverish,  
over the World of whose meaning,  
it is loses in the glacial Glances,  
lost,  
through the Icons of the Cathedrals of Loves,  
what were once equally hot,  
how is the Lava of the Feelings,  
what flows through the Blood of Histories,  
frozen,  
in the Traces of the Stranger from us,  
the only one who would have understood us,  
the Loneliness,  
if he had not left us,  
at the arm,  
of our own Illusions of Happiness.

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**29. The Bees of Memories**

When all the News,  
are gathered,  
in the bouquets of Ice Flowers,  
of the Tears,  
from which they extract their bitter sap,  
the Bees of Memories,  
which have stung us, the Past,  
denaturing it so much,  
that,  
all his wandering wings,  
are broken,  
under the sky, of lead,  
of the Destiny,  
whose closed window,  
it does not let, to be seen, nothing else,  
other than,  
the shattered Thoughts of the Future,  
brought on the wild waves and full of rage,  
of the Day,  
who does not want to recognize us,  
the Wandering

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the only one that could sweeten us,  
the coffee of a lost Morning,  
always,  
by ourselves.

**30. In which I believed so much**

Crushed by the granite fangs of the Time  
the Years,  
they barely can carry their lacks of Lead,  
which flowing melted,  
through the veins of the Happenings,  
divided to Hopes,  
from which we have built us, also  
The Inferno of a Paradise,  
on which we have named it,  
as being of the Regrets,  
full of Remorses,  
every time,  
when I felt the Sacred Fire,  
consuming  
of the Venom of Loneliness,  
how it squanders us, on nothing,  
the Eternal Moment,  
aquired, so hard,  
at the table of Glances kindled,  
by the torches of the star,  
of a Love,

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in which I believed,  
so much.

**31. On the foreheads of Feelings**

The smiles, extinguished,  
on the frozen hob of the Forgetfulness,  
what seems to be unused ever,  
by the Sacred Fire,  
of the Love,  
on which to boil,  
the nectar of the Gods of a Kiss,  
from which to sew the whole World,  
the Borders without edges,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
which to fly freely,  
toward the Windows of Heaven,  
always open,  
not to collapse anymore,  
never,  
on the foreheads of Feelings,  
our,  
traversed by the deep Wrinkles,  
of a Destiny,  
through whose crevasses,  
is pouring out and now,

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the Loneliness.

**32. Not even has ever existed**

Do not promise, never anything,  
to the Truth,  
which can punish you,  
with the end and the beginning,  
of a World,  
so stranger to us,  
that no step,  
however large or small,  
it would be,  
could not to encompass,  
the Sense of a single Meaning,  
real,  
without the Illusions of Happiness and Death,  
to which to binds the Bitterness,  
of the Dreams,  
for to hang them,  
with their own Fulfillments,  
by the Moment,  
which, not even has ever existed,  
in your Heart.

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**33. To hide us, the Retrieval**

Ballads without end,  
sung by the Stars of Luck,  
of the Illusions of the Happiness,  
of the Life and Death,  
of some Dreams,  
disheveled from the hair of a Consciousness,  
sometimes divine,  
other times diabolical,  
of a God,  
so stranger to us,  
then when we not find out us,  
the Immortality of the Moment,  
in which we would want,  
to hide us, the Retrieval,  
in this Universe,  
of the Nobody.

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**34. From which we have made us, the Calendars of  
the Future**

The volcanoes of Feelings,  
pours out their stellar lava of the Passions,  
over the Sufferings,  
endured,  
by the Salvific Moments of the Love,  
from which we have made us,  
the Calendars of the Future,  
from which we wanted to steal,  
the wings of the Sunrises,  
for to not we getting lost, never  
in the Night of unfulfilled Hopes,  
from whose Souls I found out,  
finally,  
that our Star,  
it never forgets us,  
illuminating us with the torch of Memory,  
the way of Destiny,  
from which we believed,  
that we can ever run away,  
without we knowing,

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that wherever we went,  
all in the Cemeteries of Dreams,  
of a Loneliness,  
we would have reached.

**35. On the wandering paths**

Splashes of blood,  
have slapped the Tears of Heaven,  
full of Wrinkles of the Sunsets,  
reddened,  
of so many lost Feelings,  
on the wandering paths,  
of the Spaces of some Dreams,  
lacked of Horizons,  
of so many Loves,  
convicted,  
to the Illusions of Death and Life,  
by the unforgiving Destiny,  
for which the Original Sins,  
of its own God,  
may be paid,  
through, the Fairs of Existence,  
of every breath,  
which he created it,  
to Suffering.

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**36. Mountains, of Unrests**

Walls of Words,  
it rises haughtily,  
over the frozen foreheads,  
of the Mountains of Unrests,  
on the slopes of which, we slip,  
carried by the avalanche of Memories,  
which, they hit us,  
by the bare cliffs,  
cold and sharp,  
of the Present,  
until the Stars of Our Destiny,  
bleeds so much,  
on the falling vault of the Feelings,  
which, it drowns,  
with the lost Divine Light,  
from the Glances,  
what were lost somewhere- sometime,  
in the Immortality,  
of the Love.

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**37. In the Altar of Star of our Love**

How many stairs God has counted,  
until he decided,  
that it's good to he climbs to Infinity,  
creating for this,  
the Love,  
whose wings,  
even when they break,  
become Immortals,  
over the Heart of Heaven, of the Endlessness,  
from which the Destiny made,  
the Mysteries of Happiness,  
to which to we worship,  
in the Altar of Star of our Love,  
on which we have sworn,  
that we will not forsake it,  
Never.

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**38. The Art of to Seduce**

Spells of Words in the Wind of the Vanity,  
carried toward the Horizons unspoken,  
of the Claws of the Freedom,  
of to be able,  
to make us the Illusions of Happiness, Life, and Death,  
on the measure of our own feelings,  
on which has begotten them, the Inferno of some zodiac  
Signs,  
whose Hopes are resting and now,  
through the Cemeteries of Fulfillments,  
full of the coins thrown by the Times,  
in the troubled Fountains of the Luck,  
to see if it has fallen,  
Pitch and toss,  
with the broken wings,  
of the power to Love,  
of the Destinies,  
torn from the Calendars of the bygone Years  
from which they have built the tombs of Words,

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solemn enough,  
the Art of to Seduce,  
which to polish us the Delusion,  
for to be,  
as bright as possible,  
in the Dawn of the Loneliness,  
on which we lit them together.

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**39. The Kiss full of Eternity**

No one will ever be able to divide,  
the Whole of a Love,  
whose shapes,  
God has fulfilled them,  
on the wheel of His Creation,  
turning it into a Cup,  
of the Unique Truth,  
from which to we drink the Water of Life,  
without we having part,  
of so little Illusion,  
then when we feel with sincerity,  
the Immortality,  
in the Kiss full of Eternity,  
of the Glances,  
in which we do not sink, the Existence,  
without ever interested us,  
the Meaning of Death,  
no matter how wandered or cold would be  
lost,  
in the Blood of Dust,  
on which none of us,

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we did no longer want it to be incarnate,  
in the Words,  
which anyway,  
were no longer meaningful.

**40. The Shameful Payment Note**

If God,  
he would not have bet, however much, on the Paradise,  
maybe we would not have had the Inferno today,  
of the Original Sins,  
of the Love,  
in which he did not believe at first,  
long enough,  
so that he can really decide,  
to gives her to His Only Son,  
so that this one may incarnate,  
on the Immortal wings,  
of fulfillment in this World,  
which is suffering hard,  
to pay him,  
the Shameful Payment Note  
of the Father,  
for His Divine Debauchery,  
for which exist Regrets and Separations,  
in this Existence,  
where most of them, not even,  
do not reach to know,

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the only true and elevating Feeling,  
of the True Love.

**41. It can not understand him, neither a Love**

Days bent and devoid of Sense,  
are piled up at the row of the Illusions of Happiness,  
which grinds them the Moments,  
in fragments of Eternities,  
from which no one can taste,  
without being cut,  
by the sharp swords, of Words in Wind,  
hunted by the Destiny,  
hypocritical and full of self,  
who still believes and today,  
that any Life can be consumed,  
without Death,  
then when you truly love,  
the Vanity,  
of the Truth,  
on which he can not understand it,  
neither a Love.

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**42. The details of the Mysteries**

I caught my Day,  
at the border between me and you,  
trying to I free to her,  
the grip of Destiny,  
where I understood,  
that we can to lose us,  
long enough,  
in the Details of the Mysteries,  
left by Creation,  
to the Love,  
to be more understandable for us,  
the Illusions of Happiness from us,  
on which we would have wanted them,  
drained into the dust of the Incarnation,  
in whose mud to remain,  
the whole Frustration of the World,  
without longer can to climb ever,

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up to the steps,  
of the Cathedrals of our Glances,  
for to not reach,  
at the Icons of Souls,  
on which they have painted for us,  
the Genes unborn yet,  
of the Angels from us,  
to whom I promised them,  
that we will be together.

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**43. Until refusal**

How many Moments, they would have burned us,  
the Illusions of Happiness,  
that we have no longer succeeded ,  
to build our bricks of Life,  
above the Ideals,  
scattered in front of the Altars,  
of some Feelings,  
uprooted by their own Self,  
being lost and him,  
at the roulette of a Destiny,  
blurred,  
of so much Vanity,  
which fills us,  
until refusal,  
the glass of the Illusions of Life,  
and of Death.

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**44. The Debauchery of an Absurd God**

The confused and desolate mugs,  
of some Souls,  
from which nobody no longer drinks,  
the Water of Illusions of Life,  
they stand, in a row,  
at the closed gates of Paradises,  
which no longer works,  
after the prolonged Schedule,  
of our Births,  
so late,  
for the Days of Happiness,  
that,  
only the doors of the Inferno,  
are still open,  
to this Time,  
on which Nobody no longer wants to recognize him,  
as being,  
the Debauchery of an Absurd God.

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**45. Lost Cathedrals**

Since, with the fashion,  
of the lost Cathedrals,  
at the Gambling,  
of the vain Dreams,  
through the Garbages of the Souls,  
we became,  
the Transmission Belts,  
between the Inferno and God,  
which they anoint them from time to time,  
the Illusions of Happiness,  
with a drop of Death,  
what it had barely succeeded,  
it to escape by Life,  
more alive and unharmed,  
like Never.

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**46. Cemeteries of Aspirations**

Between Verisimilar and Truth,  
exists,  
the Illusion of Reality,  
on which only Death,  
can prove her,  
into the whirlpool of legislations existential  
on which the Rules impose them,  
with strength,  
to the Characters,  
lacked of their own Lives,  
what they have been sold to,  
long ago, than the ancient Times,  
of Cemeteries of Aspirations,  
on which neither a God,  
he no longer aspires them ever,  
being so Empty of content,  
that His Paradise,  
consists only in the glory of Self,  
which was no longer ours, of long time,  
those who, we have built Him so,  
with all His angelic hierarchies,

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to which we will not reach,  
Never.

**47. And the Obsessions**

If we would have sought more often,  
the Treasures of the Souls,  
in ourselves,  
than outside the lost Steps,  
through the Taverns of Illusions of Happiness,  
the Heaven of Hopes,  
would no longer have been polluted,  
with the heavy lead of the Unfulfillment,  
and the Obsessions,  
lost through the grottoes,  
of Jealousies,  
would no longer have become,  
a replacement, reliable,  
of the Love,  
dressed increasingly summarily  
with the Years of Cardboard, cold pressed,  
by the Moments,  
on which,  
it will no longer catch them,  
Never,  
the Sincerity.

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**48. They have enlivened us, the Existence of the  
Absurd**

If God is Love,  
why its waste,  
are to us,  
the Illusions of Life,  
of the Happiness and of our Death ?,  
on which we are obliged,  
to we carry them,  
through all the pits of the Cemeteries of Hopes,  
which have never had a part,  
by an equally sumptuous tomb,  
as is the one of the Vanity,  
which was predestined,  
to it control the entire funeral sector,  
of the Words that have enlivened us,  
the Existence,  
of the Absurd.

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**49. Feeds us, the Prides**

The rebel wings,  
of Sentimental Fog,  
have fluttered spasmodically,  
through the candor of some Words,  
in which they hid themselves,  
cold and careless,  
the unconscious Days,  
of the Obsessions,  
tired,  
of so much climbing,  
on the heights of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
for to receive in the gift,  
the great prize of the Vanity,  
which feeds us, the Prides,  
meant to become for us,  
the only roof overhead,  
of the Illusions of our own Hapinesses.

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**50. The Nonconformism of a God**

How much Truth,  
can flow,  
through the Blood of the Primordial Word,  
if the Illusions of the Existence,  
are those that perfects,  
the Reality of Lying ?,  
of to be the conceptual partisans,  
of the Nonconformism of a God,  
on which we have created him,  
after our image and likeness,  
but who has always been,  
more far away from us,  
than any other Landmark of Consciousness,  
on which,  
the Self of the Stranger from us,  
and could imagine him?

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**51. Obsessive and sad**

The palms of the Day,  
they wash the ringed Eyes of the Dawns,  
by the own Darkness,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
from which we have embodied us the Hopes,  
what they will remain unmarried,  
with the Fulfilled Dreams of the Future,  
gloomily,  
obsessive and sad,  
always ready to take revenge,  
even on the Inferno of the existential Nonsense,  
from us,  
those who we would have taken them to the Altar of Love,  
with so much will,  
that we would have built them,  
true Cathedrals of Passions.

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**52. The Wallet of Hopes**

How many pitchers,  
would be broken at the Water of Life,  
God?,  
that he created us,  
only from Illusions,  
the only Meaning of Existence ?,  
on which we shall wear it,  
as the medallion of faith,  
to the strangled neck of Happiness ?,  
always ready to give the Last breath,  
since when the World of Consciousness exists,  
which then,  
when looks  
in the Mirror of the Absolute Truth,  
it grabs it, the Anguish and Despair,  
knowing how hypocritical is the Beauty,  
which, stands lazily and lascivious  
on the Wallet of Hopes,  
so empty,  
from our Glances.

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**53. Maximum profit**

The wicked and unscrupulous walls,  
are surrounding us,  
the Nothing of Illusions of Happiness,  
the only fortune what has more remained us,  
from the crumbs of the Creation of a God,  
who has needed,  
by, the Steps of our Whispers, ,  
which to beg for the Mercy,  
on, at the Walls shriveled by Souls,  
from the Cathedrals of Eternal Salvation,  
burdened,  
by the Luxury of the Original Sins,  
from which the Patrons of Consciences,  
Hierarchized in groups of angels,  
of the Paradises and Infernos from us,  
they get the maximum profit,  
from the blood spilled on the pavement of the Separation,  
of our Loves.

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**54. Cathedrals of Poems**

Teach me Lord,  
to I build for me,  
at least a bit of Truth,  
which to not be perceived,  
through the Illusions of Consciousness,  
which trample us the Feelings,  
under the Soles of Lead of the Moment,  
on which we will never have the power,  
to we lift it,  
off our foreheads,  
tired of so much Illusion of Happiness,  
in which we believed at first,  
in so much,  
that,  
we built for it,  
Cathedrals of Poems of Salvation,  
under which to we hide,  
from the Original Sins,  
about which I knew,  
that they steal us the Immortality,  
of the Love.

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**55. The White Water Lilies of the Feelings**

The cunning shoelaces,  
they hang us, the Moment tied,  
by the Infamous Pillar of Obsessions,  
which carry us,  
the Steps naked and confused,  
of the Searches by ourselves,  
toward the swampy realms,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
from which we want to take,  
the White Water Lilies of the Feelings,  
of some Days,  
on which we will plant them,  
in the gardens of our Hearts,  
what they beat, deafening  
the Tears of the Regrets,  
what have began to drain,  
on the eaves of some Wrinkles,  
dug still from the times,  
when we were together,  
with God,  
alongside us.

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**56. The Claws of a Memory**

Gates of Heavens Closed,  
have encountered the Illusions of Happiness,  
what they break their wings Open  
at the soles of the Walls of Silence,  
from the Cemeteries of Dreams,  
where we buried us too,  
the Claws of a Memory,  
of the Obsessions and Prides,  
to become above God,  
who lied to us,  
that he gives us the Love,  
giving us in return,  
the fall from the Paradise of the Star of Love,  
in whose Immortality,  
we believed,  
ever since the beginnings of this World,  
what is no longer ours,  
long ago than the oldest Times.

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**57. Still smokes like a Madness**

The chimneys of the fashion houses,  
off the faces of the Moral,  
still smokes like a Madness,  
then when God explains to us,  
what should we wear,  
through the churches of the Souls,  
so cold and ruined,  
that,  
nor the Icones of the Eyes of Heaven,  
yours,  
in which we once believed,  
they no longer have not even a Wall,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
on which to catch themselves,  
so slippery,  
has become for us, the Blood of Memories,  
diluted in the Dawns without name, of the Future,  
for which we are always,  
orphans of Past.

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**58. At which the Gods of Love sang**

The petrified bones of Obsessions,  
they remember us of, the ruined and dispirited Calendars,  
of some Days,  
which have given us,  
their entire Innocence,  
with the price,  
of to condemn at the Illusions of Death,  
their own Time,  
which steals us, unwillingly,  
a portion of Immortality,  
from the Hearts of the Volcanos from us,  
which have erupted,  
new Windows open by the Heaven,  
to enter the Divine Light,  
of the Passion,  
in waves of Happiness,  
on the chords of our Hearts,  
at which they sang,  
somewhere sometime,  
the Gods of Love.

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**59. Only to escape**

Dusty roads,  
by the Eternal Moments,  
they lie dilapidated, under the Heaven of Heart,  
whose carpets by Loves,  
they stand without to be beaten,  
of more than an Illusion of Life,  
of Happiness and Death,  
in the Fair with name forgotten,  
of the Future,  
from which the Vanity is eating,  
in every moment,  
with the finest delicacies,  
of the World,  
renegade by a God,  
disinterested by His own Creation,  
on which he would sell her,  
to any Obsession,  
for nothing,  
only to escape of her teasing  
but as it can see,  
do not buy her, neither one, ever

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I wonder why?

**60. The Blood of a Heaven**

The stranger in me,  
lost his keys from the Soul's house,  
that, I no longer had,  
to whom to confide myself,  
then when I drowned me the Past of Dreams,  
in the Tear of Longing,  
of the Blood of a Heaven,  
which burst out of the volcanoes of Passion,  
above the Vault of any Prides  
on which God disentangle them,  
from His Creation,  
at the Distaff of Time,  
lost by himself,  
among the Moments often vulgar and thieves,  
with the Eternity of the Star,  
which has guided us the Destiny,  
and which entered in the disgrace of Love,  
on which has no longer succeeded,  
to ever understands it.

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**61. As to enlighten us the Destiny**

The chains of rusty Words,  
stand entwined,  
over the Absurd Time,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
from which it will build the Horseshoe of Luck,  
the Vanity,  
enriched with new Cemeteries of Thoughts,  
through which flourish,  
the tombs of Dreams,  
with the Vestments of Days,  
the increasingly poor  
and more moldy,  
which are waiting their,  
the Resurrection, that of Mystery,  
of the Death,  
from the Blood of Delusion,  
of a God,  
corrupt,

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till in the marrow of his stellar bones,  
where is and the Star of Love,  
under the light of which we were born,  
as to enlighten us,  
the Destiny,  
given on nothing,  
to Suffering.

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**62. Without any discrimination**

Zodiac signs without character,  
are scattered in the Fairs of Births,  
wanting to rent a Soul,  
dedicated to the Illusions of Happiness,  
for to exploit him,  
until exhaustion,  
on the unploughed Fields of the Loves,  
which, they pay with enough much Death,  
the Cemeteries of Promises,  
on whose alleys,  
it carry its Age,  
too merciful,  
Vanity,  
who shares to all,  
regardless of gender, race or religion,  
the Suffering in equal parts,  
without any discrimination.

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**63. The eyes of Desperation of a Heaven**

Letters grizzled  
before the Time of the Passions,  
which, they will deepen them and more,  
in the Orbits without Sense,  
the Despondency,  
which spins dizzy,  
and lost,  
in the eyes of Desperation of a Heaven,  
over which has just fallen,  
the vault of the Chasm,  
between him and the God,  
on which has created him,  
so human,  
and so similar,  
with his own Illusion of Happiness,  
that he feels,  
that the sole beneficiary,  
of the faith in This one,  
is the Death,  
by the own Self.

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**64. The guilt of to exist**

Fences silent and resigned,  
weave the Distances of the Prides,  
over which barely climbs,  
a Regret, lonely  
for to pass beyond,  
by the Realm of Illusions of Happiness,  
where only the Memories, have more crossed,  
the Alcoholic Sky of a God,  
who has drunk too much,  
his own Stars,  
off the epaulets squeezed of vigor,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
fallen into disgrace,  
since when he has admitted,  
his own Guilt of to exist,  
next to Creation.

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**65. The Golden Dream False**

The planks of coffins,  
colored with Questions,  
polished,  
by the shine of Death,  
of the Word,  
which has created us the World,  
they stand varnished,  
sober and surly,  
in the arms of the Illusions of Happiness,  
for to bury properly,  
the Golden Dream, False,  
of the Humanity,  
which has rusted,  
still before being thrown,  
in the cold and damp pit,  
with Lions,  
of Biblical Promises,  
which have lost any value,

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at the gates of the Cathedrals of some Hearts,  
where the Vanity was still selling,  
a Vestment of a Love,  
deserted and desperate,  
whose measures,  
did not fit,  
usually,  
to Nobody.

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**66. Single, without any Lie**

Wandered among the graves of Glances,  
I try to knock at the Window of Heaven,  
of the Eyes sprinkled by the rains of Loneliness,  
of a Memory,  
which wanted to reach,  
in an totally different Port, of, Vestments,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
than this one,  
where it had sunk,  
the Ship of Love,  
of molten lead,  
in the ovens of Questions,  
loaded with the shards of the Clepsydras broken  
of the own Time,  
which has renegade it,  
because he was convinced,  
that God has created her,  
to illuminate the Truth,

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so broken in the elbows,  
how walks on at the gates of the Moments,  
to beg,  
one shell of Recognition,  
only that these,  
they almost never receive him,  
Single,  
without any Lie.

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**67. The world is Orgasm**

The world is Orgasm,  
of our own God,  
drowned in the waves of Illusions of Happiness,  
on which we want them deeper,  
in Mugs of Divine Alcohol ,  
of our Lives,  
on which we never succeed,  
to control them,  
after the existential Scriptures of Death,  
to which we are indebted,  
with a Life,  
peeled by ourselves,  
then when we pass,  
the underground passage of the Consciousness,  
to whom I have told all the lies,  
of our own Truth,  
of to be,  
what we are.

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**68. On the grill of the Present**

It not exists bricklayers of the Thoughts,  
which to not build for themselves  
the own edifice of Consciousness,  
at the soles of which,  
to we invest us the Destiny,  
as being indebted to the Illusions of Happiness,  
only then when the Death,  
it will separate us,  
by the Absolute Truth of Existence,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
always indebted,  
to the Obsessions of to be,  
more Soul,  
than the Abattoir,  
of some Meats of Words,  
which we will never be able to consume,  
at the table of Love,  
no matter how cooked or roasted would be,  
on the grill of the Present.

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**69. The Saints Offenders**

So much Empty,  
by me myself,  
I have consumed my,  
the Flesh of your Eyes of Heaven,  
until when I felt,  
how, the vault of Eternity,  
collapses over the Soul of Wax,  
of the Candle,  
of the Future,  
which melted,  
over the rolled Passion of the Faith,  
from which we made us both,  
the rafts of a Bible of Love,  
with her Saints,  
Offenders,  
on which to we save us the Loneliness,  
so full of the Cathedrals of the Regrets,  
that we worshiped, the Future,  
which recently come out of the prison  
of the Angels,  
to the Stranger from ourselves.

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**70. We can die equally Lonely**

I do not know if the Illusion of Happiness,  
would agree,  
to I build my durable bars,  
from the Moment,  
on which I put it as a roof,  
over the starved Time,  
by the Feelings of our salvation,  
sold as cheap obscenities,  
to the Destiny  
on which neither a God of Truth,  
would no longer put him in pledge, to Nobody  
as long as,  
we can die equally Lonely,  
as God was born,  
from the dust of Suffering,  
Our.

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**71. The birth of some Rumors**

Even though I have collapsed my Feelings,  
over the Volcano of your Steps,  
full of the lava of the Words,  
which have burned my Wings of Lead,  
of the Conscience,  
to you know that neither an Illusion of the Happiness,  
will never succeed,  
to pay me Death,  
with the money of Birth of some Rumors,  
in which neither an Angel,  
of all those who,  
they held our train,  
of the Marriage with Life,  
he will no longer recognize us,  
the Destiny,  
on which God has given him to the Vanity,  
of our Meeting,  
if you will not understand,  
how much Absolute Truth,  
has wasted the Divine Light,  
in the Eternity of Love.

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**72. The Conscience of the Absurd**

The bodies of the Words,  
are always Question marks,  
and if they become Commas,  
they begin to sting even and Death,  
with their dangerous venom,  
that it would be better as the Time,  
he to run away from them,  
in the parentheses of the Illusions of Happiness,  
which will find them,  
always, an attendant,  
in the person of Illusions of Life,  
which accepts any Compromises,  
on which would ever do them  
the Conscience of the Absurd,  
with the Despair and Vanity.

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**73. Frozen Smile**

The Parallel Mirrors grind the Day,  
between me and you,  
throwing it in the hourglass,  
of the Eyes of Heaven,  
of the frozen Smile,  
by the Illusions of Happiness,  
which have gossiped us, the Future,  
in the Fair of Life,  
forsaken,  
of the Conscience,  
trampled,  
by the Time that can not forgive us,  
the Immortality  
from the blood of Stranger from us,  
on which we navigate, without it knows,  
the Death.

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**74. Often, snows us**

How many steps of, Divine Light,  
we longer have to climb,  
up to the immortal Star,  
of our Destiny ?,  
without we getting tired too much,  
the Stranger from us,  
who can never forgive us,  
the Separation,  
by the own blood of Memory,  
scattered on the forehead of the Sunset,  
Alone and sad,  
which often snows us,  
with the thirst of being together,  
alongside,  
by the piece of Heaven,  
of the Hope,  
the only one that still remained us.

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**75. Given for adoption**

Streets paved with Destinies,  
lead toward nowhere,  
the sad steps of the Illusions of Happiness,  
on which we walking us the Luck,  
freshly cut,  
by the resurrected Moment of the Sunrise,  
of the death of a new Day of the Dreams,  
which will leak into the Night of the Blood,  
on the heated waves of which,  
the Stranger from us has lost himself  
what he wanted more from the Eyes of Heaven,  
of the Life,  
haunted by the Cemeteries of Words,  
in which grows its Consciousness,  
given for adoption,  
to the existential Nonsense.

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**76. Alive and unharmed**

How much Life, is wasted  
in the Death,  
of the Freedom  
of to carry us the Destiny,  
of heavy disease,  
on the own feet,  
to the end,  
on the cold and shriveled corridors of the Questions,  
without Answers,  
which grinds us the Existence,  
hospitalized in the Hospice of the Non-sense,  
yet from her birth,  
by the God, the creator one, of Tombs,  
for the Primordial Words,  
from which were born,  
the crimes,  
of the Consciences,  
alive and unharmed,  
of the Illusions of Happiness.

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**77. The broken and crumpled Calendars of the  
Destinies**

Forgive me the holiness of believing in Immortality,  
God of Death and Life,  
on the pages of which, you have written in large letters,  
Suffering,  
without to pray you, Nobody,  
that if he did,  
you would not have been Primordial anymore  
in the Existential Nonsense,  
on which you have served it to us with fervor,  
at the table peeled, by the Regrets,  
of the Moments,  
which slip us,  
among the fingers of Smoke of Words,  
to which we hope to warm us,  
the inability to thank you enough,  
for the lived experiences,  
through the broken and crumpled Calendars,  
of the Destinies.

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**78. Indifferent**

And in which World of Existence,  
you will succeed to love my Time ?,  
of the Dreams without the Regrets of Immortality ?,  
of the Spring from the Words ?,  
on which I lost them thee ?,  
in the Heart of the Future,  
where I thought I found myself,  
without you,  
the Wing of Angel,  
on which I flew,  
to meet my Birth,  
of the Consciousness,  
who clothed my,  
Eyes of Heaven, of Yours,  
in which has believed, the God  
of my Being,  
more,  
than,  
in his own Paradise,  
on which he would not have sold it,  
at neither an Inferno of Memory,

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indifferent,  
how much Death, would have brought him,  
the Destiny.

**79. At the Trash Can of the Destiny of some Tears**

And I remained,  
the Moment of the Apocalypse,  
from which we have divided,  
the bread slice of the Despondency,  
on which we anointed it with so many Memories,  
until we managed to vomit,  
the Past,  
from which we have built us,  
a Love,  
on which we found it so moldy,  
in the backpack of Desires,  
that we threw it,  
to some Days,  
which were no longer ours, of long time,  
those wasted by ourselves,  
at the Trash Can,  
of the Destiny,  
of some Tears.

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**80. Nobody, would no longer understand him ever**

Break my, the Tears of the Longing,  
in the pieces of a Moment,  
on which to we share it,  
anointed with the Illusion of Happiness,  
on the slice of Love,  
from which we built us the Destiny's house,  
in which to we appease our Hunger,  
by ourselves,  
kidnapping the Life, which enlivens us,  
the Road toward the Truth,  
from which we want to do us,  
the Star of Eternity,  
from which we will light us,  
the Eternity,  
no matter how great or forgotten, would be,  
through the Steps of our Hearts,  
lost in a Future,  
on which Nobody,  
would no longer understand him ever,  
as being ours.

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